

Facts, Fiction, Fancies and Latest Fashions of Interest to the Women of Washington

Helene's Married Life ::  
By MAY CHRISTIE  
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XLIX.—An Hour Too Late.

Tony Lascelles was "persona grata" at Anstruther Lodge. At least in Alice's eyes. Her husband probably didn't share the feeling. But the young man always was made welcome. Alice's husband was the very soul of hospitality. Kind, too, to a degree.

He seldom remonstrated with Alice in her friendships. "Flirtations" was a more adequate term, I think. For the most part, she would get her own sweet way. And his affection for his flighty little wife was wonderful.

"That is not love which alters when it alters friends," wrote Shakespeare. Mr. Anstruther's love had certainly been "tested" and had emerged from the flames, triumphant.

Of course, feather-headed Alice didn't appreciate such adoration. That was the irony of fate.

I—Helen—loved a man who had forgotten that I'd ever been his wife. While Alice—who didn't know the meaning of the word "affection"—trifled with her husband's love a thousand times a day!

Now, as I eyed Tony (that confirmed trouble-maker), I wondered how best I could explain his presence in the house, should Alice or her husband come upstairs?

And yet I didn't wish to end our tete-a-tete, until I should discover something more about Tony's "past."

He seemed in a communicative mood. A trifle reckless, too. Yes, now was the time to push my questioning.

"You always hated Jim St. Aubyn," I repeated softly. "But he never harmed you. Tony?"

"I hated him—I think I always shall, too," repeated Tony doggedly. The look on his dark young face was not a pretty one. He stared ahead of him, with a far-off gaze in his eyes, as though he were seeing again the long vista of the past years.

"And what of Jim's father?" I put in.

"Worse and worse!" Tony scowled. "As he was as hard as brass, and ready to listen to every word against me. He didn't believe in second chances."

"What did you do to make him turn against you?" I interrogated him.

Tony looked shifty. I know that shifty look.

"Oh, nothing better nor worse than the average youth. Wild oats and that sort of thing."

"Was Jim the same?"

"Jim posed as being an angel, though I'll bet he really wasn't. The man beside me sneered, as he spoke these words. He turned to me and said, 'You're a queer light in his eyes.' If what you say is true—if Jim St. Aubyn has got into trouble over the forging of some check, I'm glad—glad—glad!"

"You're cruel, Tony," I said sharply. "After all, you're deeply indebted to the St. Aubyns family, although you won't admit it. I suppose all the—the breeding and the education that you've ever got are due to them."

"This might be true—but my comment was scarcely tactful. Tony didn't like it. He prefers to think that his own personal charm had given him the entrée everywhere."

"And then I added sharply:

"And you had no earthly right to tell Mrs. St. Aubyn that I had promised to marry you. It was disgusting of you, Tony."

"I only did it to shield you," cut

Spring Breezes No Menace to Small Hats  
Which are in Vogue With Fashion Leaders



New York's Fashion Authority. Large hats and medium ones have their virtues, but when spring breezes are likely to overtake one at any moment there is no denying the comfort of the close-fitting hat, and nowadays comfort is in high favor with fashion. In the street, the shops, one sees at least a dozen small hats of every large one. Here, then, are three of the very newest.

All of them, you will notice, sit well down over the face and squarely on the head. Only occasionally does the spring collections in

Guardilla model of bright red straw and has a large flower design embroidered in worsted in front. With this Miss Lynch wears a Buddy veil in taupe shade.

The third hat is a fine brown straw with a close, but slightly flowing rim and has by way of trimming two narrow bands of ribbon and a fan-shaped ornament of glycerized ostrich towering over the crown from the back.

One other thing to be noted of hats this year is that they are well made and finished even to the shaped silk linings which often-times show a bit of decorative cording or embroidery.

There a small hat that is worn at the jaunty angle of last year's headgear.

The sports hat of Jean Troupan in "Roly Boly Eyes" is a silk one of tan and brown with a row of tiny brown silk buttons only to relieve its severity. The second hat which sits so smartly on Bernadette Lynch's pretty head is a

"The Stars incline, but do not compel."

HOROSCOPE.  
MONDAY, MARCH 22, 1926.  
(Copyright, 1926, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Conflicting influences mark this day, according to astrology. While Venus and Uranus rule strongly for good, Saturn and Mars are adverse.

Uranus is in a place held to cause an unstable condition of mind that is inflammable, easily set fire by radical or critical ideas concerning the established order of things.

There is a sign that seems to indicate loss of power on the part of conservative labor leaders.

During the government of the stars both men and women are supposed to be exceedingly susceptible to romance and sentiment.

It is a lucky wedding day, except in cases where a soldier is bridegroom.

Married folk should guard against quarrels and misunderstandings during this wax of the planets, for their sinister sign that forecast great increase of divorce.

The position of Mars in the fifth in square to Neptune and Jupiter denotes much vice and immorality crimes against women and children, murders and strange transgressions of the law.

Foreign affairs may be most unsatisfactory during the next few weeks and a diplomatic crisis may develop.

Spiritualism is likely to be the cause of a celebrated case in the courts that will involve prominent persons.

The King of Italy continues under an exceedingly threatening aspect that seems to warn him to guard his health and his person.

The stars forecast the end of the monarchical system in his country but it will not come immediately.

Earthquakes in France and Italy are presaged by the stars and one of these will cause great loss of life.

Mining accidents are threatened by the aspect of Saturn. A town in the coal regions may suffer serious damage.

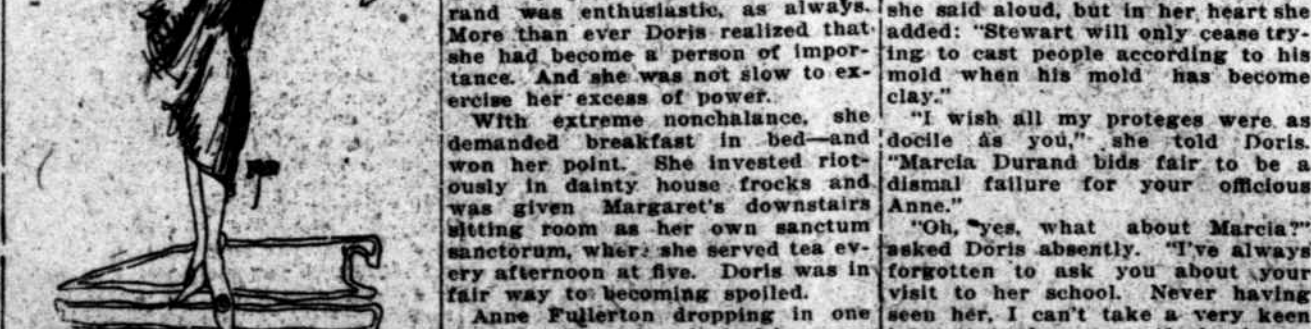
Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of travel and change that will bring success and happiness. The young will court.

Children born on this day may be restless and discontented but these subjects of Aries usually are very prosperous. Their principal ruling planet is Mars.

LEFTOVERS.

Individual bake dishes are nice for using up left-overs. Sprinkle toasted bread crumbs over vegetables or chopped up meat, moisten with milk and bake. Eggs and cheese may also be added.

FASHIONABLE NANCY



Take taffets—a navy blue—And add a touch of crimson, too. A crisp white ruffe at the throat and wide white cuffs, as you will note.

And you'll have Nancy's recipe for the evening frock you see.

CHILDREN'S  
SUNRISE STORIES  
UNCLE WIGGILY AND  
BILLIE'S BEATING.  
By HOWARD E. GARIS

It happened one day, after Johnnie had made his litany for Squeakie-Eekie, the cousin mouse, out of Uncle Wiggily's best, tall silk hat, instead of his old one, that Mrs. Bushytail, the squirrel, said:

"We must clean 'the nest house tomorrow.'"

"Nurse Jane and I were just talking about house cleaning," went on Mrs. Bushytail. "But if you want to help—"

Uncle Wiggily was just going to say: "Excuse me, but he never liked that sort of work, but it was too late. For Nurse Jane quickly said:

"If you want to help we'll be glad to have you. Some of the rugs need beating. Uncle Wiggily, to knock the dust out of them and you may, very properly, do that."

So being a good, kind, gentlemanly rabbit, always ready to do what he could for the ladies, Uncle Wiggily took off his tall silk hat, put on his cap and old clothes, and then he began to carry the rugs out in the yard to put them over a line and beat the dust out.

"I'll just take it slow and easy like," thought the old gentleman rabbit, as he fixed one rug over the line so that it hung down on both sides with a nice place in between like a tent, where the two sides of the rug were spread out.

So Uncle Wiggily tapped Mrs. Bushytail's rug as gently as he could, knocking the dust out in little puffs. Along came Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boy.

"Why, the idea! What made you come home from school so early?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I got home to help you beat the rugs, and you can rest," said Billie, "and we'll make a tent of the rug after it's clean. We'll play in it until mother and Nurse Jane want to go home on the fence line."

"All right," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll stay here a while and when my chance comes I'll jump out and get some of Uncle Wiggily's house!" thought the Baxumpus as he hid in the rug tent.

They let the sides fall together, and Uncle Wiggily was thinking of going to get a glass of nice cool carrot juice, when a sudden Billie saw the tail of the bad creature sticking out, and right away the squirrel boy knew what had happened.

"The old Baxumpus is hiding in there to get Uncle Wiggily's house!" thought Billie. Quickly taking up his broomstick, he began to beat the rug as hard as he could beat it, right on the lumpy place.

"Stop! Wait a bit! Hold on a minute! Why are you beating the rug after we've made a tent of the dust?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"That is needless work!" "Oh, no, it isn't!" shouted Billie, and he beat away harder than ever. Whack! Whack! Whack! fell the blows on the bad Baxumpus between the rug, until at last the unpleasant creature could stand it no longer. Out from under the hanging rug he rushed, trying to shake the dust out of his eyes.

"Oh, how I hate housecleaning!" howled the Baxumpus.

And if the fire shovel doesn't take a piece of carpet and make a black mark on the dog's collar, so it has to go to the laundry to have its face washed, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Johnnie's string.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?  
MARION.

Mary, which is the root of number one, feminine names of simple and dignified character. Marion, is responsible for romantic Marian. Like her forerunner, Marian signifies bitter, but a sweeter name would be difficult to find. Maria was probably its direct progenitor and the name came about through the introduction of the French diminutive "on," thus forming the name of "a bonny fine maid of noble degree, Maid Marion by name."

The delightful story of Robin Hood gave fame to her name and as early as 1332 she was given a unique place in popular story by the play "Robin Hood" by the students of Angers, one of them appearing as a "fille de deuil."

The origin of Marionette is thus explained: puppets disguised to play the part of Marion and another explanation is that the term comes from the custom of calling the small images of the Blessed Virgin Mariettes or Marionettes and several streets in Paris were named after the Rues des Marionettes. Gradually all puppets came to be called Marionettes; and the bauble carried by a court jester was a Mariotte or Marionette.

In France Marion became very popular; indeed that country rarely accepts Marion. Marion was speedily contracted to Marion and also expanded into Marionette, as a poem written in the 13th century gives proof. Scotland has always loved Marion and "Maid Marion, fair as an ivory bone," is popular in rustic song and story. They call her Marion occasionally.

but it was the heart of the season and Margaret had her daughter filled with social engagements. George was anxious, but then, the poor old dear never gets anywhere with his rages. One chill word from Margaret and the heat of his anger congeals into affability.

"Where is Jacques Norvell?" Doris asked outright.

"If you could see him?" she gurgled. "He's gone in for a new religion—ancient Hindu or ultra-modern American, I don't think he quite knows himself. Anyway, he wears a toga instead of a bathrobe and prays to the rising sun. He's trying to convert me and just as soon as he does, I'm going to start on you. We'll get a size out of Stewart's again, I promise you."

"I don't believe I mean a thing to you except something to experiment on."

"And a soul to mold," added Anne. "Well, why not? Something must be done to overcome the marks of Stewart's clumsy fingers. Heaven forbid that you should ever be a masterpiece of his remodeling!"

Excellent Advice :: ::  
By DOROTHY DIX  
Highest-Paid Woman Writer.

Making the Best of Things

"I have been young and am now old," said a woman the other day, "and the sum of all the philosophy that I have learned is this—that if we wish to be happy, we must make the most of now and here."

"There is no use in waiting to enjoy ourselves, until the ideal condition of affairs occurs. It never takes place, but this is a pretty good old world, after all, with lots of pleasant things in it. There is no use in waiting for a cloudless day before you have your picnic, but even a picnic in the rain is jolly good sport if you laugh at the rain, and can see how funny you look with your feathers wilted down."

"Of course, this is a hard lesson for women to learn, who are waiters by nature. We are always doing the watchful waiting stunt, and particularly we are always waiting for the psychological moment to come, in which we are going to let ourselves go, and be happy, and have a good time."

"Somehow women seem to have a most immoral in being happy at the present moment, or getting 'any good out of a thing while the getting is good.'"

"You can see this in the way in which so many women dress. When they get a new gown, or a new hat, they consider it wild extravagance to wear them while they are new, and smart, and in the fashion, so they put them in their closets and wear their year-before-last clothes and go around looking as if they had just been flushed out of the rag bag, while their up-to-date apparel is acquiring age and unattractiveness in uselessness."

"Why, I had an aunt who kept her clothes so long before she wore them that she frequently made them up for a couple of times before she had them on. She always looked like a back number because her good clothes were hanging on hooks where she hung the ancient vestments of herself."

"And haven't you known women who were notable housekeepers who never had a bit of good jam on their tables? In their pantries were great rows of jars of delicious confectios, but they were too good to eat, and the family was always being fed on something that had just begun to ferment, or to mould, or that was turning to sugar, or had something else the matter with it."

"Such a woman would consider it a crime to eat a cake and eat it while it was fresh. She would use the stale cake until it was gone and by the time they got through with the old cake the new cake was also old and stale."

"And look at the women who never indulge themselves in any pleasure as they go along through life, because they are saving up every penny as a spurge on when they get old. They would like to take little trips, but they deny that was turning to sugar, or had something else the matter with it."

"But the time never comes for them to cash in on their self-denial and have the grand spurge for which they have been saving up. When the hour arrives that they had set to be happy in when they are to travel and go to the opera, and stop at swell hotels, they find that they are too old and rheumatic to go about, and too deaf and blind to see and hear, and too dyspeptic to eat anything but mush and milk."

"The only pleasures we are sure of, are those that we get as we go along, and we only get these by not looking a gift horse too closely in the mouth, or being too critical as to whether they are eighteen-karat gold, or only gold-plated."

"And this same principle of making the most of now and here applies to people even more than it does to them."

Watch that little rise of temperature in the afternoons, that old cough. Get all the organs of elimination functioning—skin, kidneys and bowels—and throw it off. Rest, diet and build up, or it will be too late. Colds do not "give" you the other diseases but they do "predispose" to them.

When once you have chronic catarrh, bronchitis or diarrhea, it is almost impossible to cure. The lives of those who suffer from such causes are very unhappy. Doctors sometimes forget to warn their patients who "only have a cold" that it is a dangerous insidious thing. There is a close connection between colds and the onset of the inflammatory diseases such as rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago.

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Virginia Lee's Personal Answers  
To Herald Readers' Questions

The day of believing anything mother does is right just because she is "mother," is about at an end and we find ourselves gradually becoming more and more overbearing until poor mother hardly has a thought of her own, not to mention expressing it.

It is true, of course, that just because mother is "mother" does not make her every thought and action perfect. It is true that even one's own mother can be a trifle nerve-racking at times, especially if she is getting old and repeats, or nags or putters around.

However, she couldn't possibly be as nerve-racking as we were to her in our time. Imagine the terrible crying spells and the little sicknesses we worried her with even before we knew what we were about. And then, when we were a little older, the way we pulled all of her most valued possessions down and broke them to smithereens, the days we ran off and the times we cried just to be crying or to gain our own selfish ends.

Imagine the worry and care we caused her when we must forever be rubbed and scrubbed and stiffly starched, yes, and possibly brushed and curled and sent off to school. And it isn't difficult for us to recall the needless worries she's had in the later years.

After it is all counted up on both sides and the one subtracted from the other we find that we owe mother so much that we can never, never fully repay her to the end of time and we can't start in too early.

One of the kindest things we can do is to make mother feel that she is still very much needed by us. Maybe she would like to darn our stockings or fluff away our bills or bake us a pie. Let us try.

Accordian Plaits  
Dear Miss Lee: My little girl 9 years of age wants an accordian plaited crepe de chine dress. Do you think that is a good way to make up such material?—MRS. M.

Crepe de chine plaits quite satisfactorily and accordian plaits are very good this season both in "grown-ups" and children's clothes.

Patent Office  
Dear Miss Lee: Is the Patent Office at present the only place where one can have a patent? I have been told that this was the only one.—C. B. H.

Other countries also have their patent offices. Among the larger ones are those of England, France and Canada.

General Delivery  
Dear Miss Lee: Is there a general delivery system here so that one can have letters sent general delivery and call on them?—J. H.

Yes.

Unhappily Married  
Dear Miss Lee: I am a married woman, years of age and have been six years, am most unhappy. My husband refuses to let me see my old friends and will not go out with me myself except once a great while when he takes me to a picture theater, showing very ordi-

Virginia Lee



Old Mammy's Raisin Bread

Its deliciousness has created for it an immense demand among the best of housewives. Children and grown folks relish it immensely. Just try it yourself!

One-Pound Loaf, 15c.

DORSCHE'S WHITE CROSS BAKERY